The Death of Thisbe

Corey Scannell ‘18

To Thisbe’s name, he raised his pallid eyes,
But at her visage, buried them again.
And when the girl had recognized her cloak,
And glimpsed the scabbard empty of its sword, said,
“By your very hand are you now quelled,
And also by your love, unlucky boy!
But now my hand is brave for this alone,
Since there is love in me. My love will grant,
In place of painful sorrow, greater strength:
For I will imitate your bloody end,
Called dismal cause and comrade of your death.
Alas! Demise alone could snatch you from my life,
But, even gone, you won’t escape from me.
Yet, O truly wretched parents of us both,
Comply with my appeal for these two pleas:
That, first, you shouldn’t hold in your contempt –
But rather let them lie in one same grave –
Those whom certain love and final days
Have thus united. But you, O tree,
Whose branches shade the dreadful corpse of one,
And soon about to darken those of two,
Retain the signs of death and bear the fruit:
A darkened mark of mourning, apt for grief
The lasting memory of both our blood.”
Then, having fit the point beneath her chest,
And saying that, she fell upon the sword…
Just as it was, still tepid from his gore.
And yet, her plea touched gods and parents both;
For when it’s ripe, the fruit is dark in hue,
And now their ashes occupy one urn.